



Clap your hands if you hate your family



👁 142 ✓ 20 ★ 16

Chapter 1 by Natalya Nugent

My music is screaming in my ears again when my mother is saying something to me from across the table. I take out on earbud and look at her.

"Seriously?" My mom with a condescending look on her face.

"What?" I ask like I have no idea what she is taking about.

"You have those damn earbuds in your earbuds in ears all the time, can you just for ten minutes take them out and have dinner with your family?"

I groan and take them out and wrap them around my neck and I let them hang on my shoulder.

My brother stares at me and i kick him in the shin and he looks away.

"So how how was school?" My dad asks

I postpone a response by excusing myself to the bathroom and I climb out the window on the first floor.

"Freaking hate my family" I said under my breath and I saw Danny pull up at the sidewalk in his green beat up Toyota legend

Chapter 2 by Natalya Nugent



Danny pulled me to him as I got into his car. I smiled and kissed him. I pulled on my seat belt and

Danny speed out of the neighborhood

"Where are you taking me tonight?" I asked him while buckling into the seat.

"It's a surprise" he says with a smile.

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Chapter 3 by Natalya Nugent



We sped out of the neighborhood in record time and my heart started to pound. Danny smiled as he turned up the music. Watching him he seemed so at peace with the road like they were the same thing like they couldn't be without each other. I look out the window and the world is passing by, colors flying by.

Chapter 4 by SaintSayaka



That's when he chose to pull out the shotgun. It took about three seconds for the colors flying by to be limited to crimson. I slumped in the seat, unable to protest or yell. His brakes flung me into the headboard, cracking my head once again.

I never knew that it was possible to have this many regrets in one crisp second. My thoughts frantically went to my family, but without telling them that I was leaving, they would have no idea where I was by now.

Clap your hands if you hate your family? Clap your hands if you want to **live**.

Chapter 5 by Ichigo



I wanted to live, desperately. And I also wanted to be dead. Screw myself for leaving without telling anyone, screw myself for trusting Danny. I rolled over to unlock the door and swung it open with all my effort. I rolled out of the car because at that point, that's all I could do.

Chapter 6 by Natalya Nugent



The impact of my face hitting the gravel against ground almost hurt as bad as being shot. I clutched my stomach and my hand came away covered in crimson blood. The old car continued to speed down the empty street and it disappeared. I shut my eyes my hands were shaking and I tried to sit up but quickly found out it was nearly impossible. The pain was so excruciating like nothing I had ever experienced. In the desolate street it was quite I could practically hear the blood rushing around in my veins. I know I'm going to die. But I also know I'm not ready to accept that fate.

Chapter 7 by ThatOnePerson24

That's when I saw her.

She was laying on some grass.

I called 911.

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I got out my phone and

The person on the other end of the line said, "911. What's your emergency?"

"There is a girl. She is on the side of the road. She is covered in blood. I think she has been shot!"

"Where are you?"

"North Pine Street, Spartanburg, South Carolina.

"Okay. An ambulance will be there soon."

I ran over to the girl, and got down on my knees.

"Are you okay? My name is Tim. I just called an ambulance. They will be here soon. Could you tell me your name?"

The girl groaned, but didn't give her name.

A few seconds passed, and she fell unconscious.

"No, no, no. You gotta stay with me!"

Suddenly, an ambulance came speeding in.

The people got her in there, and sped off into the night, towards the hospital.

A couple hours later, I found myself still thinking about her, hoping she was okay. I liked her.

Maybe it was just for her looks, because she was pretty. After all, I didn't know her.

Only time will tell.

Tomorrow, I shall go to the hospital, to see if I can find her.

Chapter 8 by SaintSayaka



I wake up in a hospital bed, and the first two people I see are Danny and my father. They are shaking hands and saying something. This makes me uncomfortable - Danny and my father have never been on the best of terms.

"Well, looks who's awake!" someone says to my left. I turn to look, but hands keep my head steady. They're Danny's, who has apparently already made his way over to me.

A nurse pops into sight. "No need to move yet, sweetie. You're going to need all of the rest you can get."

I begin to protest. "But why am I..."

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Danny swoops over my wrist, and says, "Stop. You're not allowed to leave. Maybe we should leave you to it."

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The nurse nods. "Take care, boys. And again, Danny, sir, thank you for calling 911 so quickly. That was really brave of you."

My heart sinks and swoops at once. How could it have possibly been Danny who saved me?

"It wasn't," a cool voice to my right says. I'm tired of looking. I remain rigid, staring forward, trying to process my thoughts. "That's okay. No need to look. I know how tired you are."

A hand reaches in front of me. It is not Danny's nor my father's, for they are busy walking out of the door.

"That boyfriend of your's tried to kill you. Thought you were cheating on him with a girl. That best friend of your's."

"How do you know that? Who are you?"

My father turns in the doorway. "Did you say something?"

The voice continues. "I know all. The freak even tried to take the credit for making the call. Nobody even began doubting him. Nobody would doubt the star football player in a rural town like this."

I close my eyes, drinking it in. My father must think that I am asleep, because he walks away.

"But it wasn't him who made the call. It was me."

My eyes flutter open to the outstretched hand. I can almost see a person connected to them...

"Now, what exactly do you have waiting for you back at home, my friend? A lecture? The horror of living with Danny, and no one believing you?"

He's right. Even my family wouldn't believe it. They'd call it a grab for attention. I smile against my will.

"I saw that. You know I'm right, huh?" See more of Story Wars

"Yes," is say simply. It seems

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"So come with me," he says. "Let's get revenge on him together. Let's make his life a living hell."

And with all of my strength, I grab his hand. My body is yanked upwards, and suddenly, I am lighter than air...

I am met face to face with the man I am speaking with. Shaggy black hair, brown eyes, and a pair of the blackest wings I have ever seen. Sirens sound in the back of me. I see nurses gather around my body. Am I out of my body? Am I dead?

The man shakes his head. "Don't worry about it," he says. "All will be answered. My name is Tim, and I'm glad to be working at your side."

the end

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